

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Softest linen and finest lace,
With fairy fingers, the dainty feet
By finger of frost, long traced,
Stitching, the seams the dainty feet
While the garments grow apace,
Ah, the sweetest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Her thoughts reach out across the years,
Losing herself in a dream;
A hope is with the stitches fine
Of every delicate seam.
An airy gleam of white, a high
Stand the dainty work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

"Garments fit for a king," she saith;
"My baby shall be a king."
Wise men will listen unto his words,
And the children offerings bring.
He shall be manly, true, and brave;
His deeds will be the people's pride.
Ah, the proudest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Folding away the garments white—
The baby needs no more care—
A toy, a tiny pair of shoes,
And a lock of sunny hair.
Yellow with age each fragrant
Shall precious memories bear.
Ah, the saddest work a mother knows
Is folding away the baby's clothes.

Those were words by that stalwart man,
It seemed only yesterday,
But these ones held the little form
Of the baby "passed away."
Now in sunshine and now in storm
Life's river flows on for aye,
But the tenderest thought a mother knows
Is folded away with the baby's clothes.

—Margaret Stewart Shibley, in Harper's Bazar.

REUNION.

And yet I know that all is drifting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly,
Yea, better, even better than I love him.

And as I walk by the first autumn river,
The awful river so dark to see,
I say "The breadth and the depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

—Jean Ingelow.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANTS.

Interesting Experiments Made With Them
by Sir John Lubbock.

At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, on Aug. 16, Sir John Lubbock read a paper on "The Habits of Ants." A great desire to hear it was expressed, and the reading of it was interrupted by the efforts of a crowd of disappointed people to get into the room, which was complained of as too small.

Sir John Lubbock stated that he had been for some years watching the habits of ants, and had kept under observation about thirty species. Though living in captivity, they were in good health, and he had in one nest a queen which had lived with him since 1874. He could confirm the statements which had been made with respect to the architectural skill of ants, their attention to their young, their remarkable organization, their possession of domestic animals, and even the institution of slavery. He had also watched several other insects which lived in association with them, of which M. Andre calculated that there were 583 species. In some cases the association was accidental, in others it was because the nests afforded shelter to other insects, and there were also some uncomfortable companions which attached themselves to ants, and could not be got rid of.

The common house ant was to be found sometimes in association with other ants, but the cases were exceptional, and he had never seen an instance. A nearly allied species, however, the sanguineus, was sometimes found in association with others, generally the fusca. In such cases the nest belonged to the sanguineus. The queen and the young were of that species, and the fusca were slaves, though free to come and go, as there was no fugitive slave law, and they seemed to be quite reconciled to their position. They assisted in the household duties, and in foraging for provisions. They kept the aphides in corn, and derived a considerable share of their sustenance from them. In the winter, when they were of no use, they were still tended with great care, until the spring, when they became again useful, an instance of prudence and forethought unexampled in the animal kingdom. There was one species which took no part whatever in the duties of the household, and would even starve in the midst of plenty if the food were not put into their mouths. He had confirmed Huber's remarkable experiments on this point, and had kept some alive and in health for months by allowing them a slave for an hour a day to feed and clean them.

To test their intelligence he suspended some honey about half an inch over the nest, which could only be reached by a paper bridge ten feet long. He then made a small heap of earth by which they could reach it. They soon swarmed over the earth and began to eat, but when he removed some of the earth it never occurred to them to heap it up again, though they tried to stretch up to the honey, and they went round by the bridge. He made a similar experiment by placing honey which could only be reached by crossing a chasm over which he had laid as a bridge a bit of straw. He slightly moved the bridge, and they tried in vain to stretch over, but never thought of putting the straw back, which they could easily have done. Every one knew that if an ant or bee found a store of honey others would soon collect about it; but very little intelligence was implied if the ants and bees only accompanied their friends.

The case was different if they could describe the locality and send their friends to it. They did not, however, appear to be able to communicate as much as that to their friends. If a fusca nest were disturbed and one of them found a place of concealment, she was anxious that her friends should come to it. She went up to one of them and took it by the mandible. The second

ant rolled herself up into a ball, and was carried over her shoulder to the place. The second ant then went to a third, and the process was repeated. He put an ant which had been without food for some days to honey, and saw that after feeding she was on her way to the nest when she met some friends, whom she fed, and then returned alone to the honey. On her way back she met some other friends, whom she fed, and then five of them went back with her to the honey. In due course they, no doubt, brought others.

He believed they were able to distinguish between a large and a small quantity. To test this, he put some of the Laesus Niger species into a small store, and others into a large one, and, having watched for fifty hours, found that the ants with the small quantity brought 82 friends to share it, and the ants with the large store brought 237. To try whether they could send their friends to a store, he put an ant (Niger) to some honey, which he placed near her nest. She fed, returned to the nest, and came out with ten friends. He took her up, however, and put her into the honey, and her friends then wandered about, and then returned to the nest. It was hard to say whether there were differences of character in ants of the same species, as they behaved differently under different conditions, but there were great differences of character and habits between those of different species, putting aside the slave-making species, which he thought would find it impossible to compete with the self-dependent and freer species. These communities even showed curious analogies to the earlier stages of human progress.

There were the hunting, the pastoral, and even the agricultural ants. The first lived chiefly by the chase, and hunted alone. Their battles were single combats, like those described by the ancient poets. The second were a higher type of social life. They demonstrated certain species of aphides like flocks and herds. They were immense, and acted in concert. He thought they would probably exterminate the first type, just as the white man exterminated the savages. Of the agricultural class—the harvest ants—he would not speak, as there were none in this country. When he first began to keep ants he isolated the nests by water, but it was necessary to change that, often, and observing that the hairs on the stems of flowers prevented the ants from climbing them, he had since used ferns. One of the most surprising points connected with ants was that while there was one nest they never appeared to quarrel, all others, even of the same species, being treated as strangers and enemies. There was no mistaking the treatment. If an ant (fusca) wanted to carry away a friend to a place of security, she took her by the mandible, and her friend rolled herself into a ball, but an enemy is seized by the leg or an antenna.

He confirmed the experiments of Huber as to their being able to recognize their friends, even after a long absence, or rather their acquaintances, for although he saw they attacked and killed their enemies, he could not find any trace of warm affection for their friends. He tested this by taking some out of a nest and suspending them in a bottle covered with muslin. Those in the nest took no notice of them, but when strangers were put in they were indignant, and never stopped until they cut through the muslin and attacked them. He marked some ants in a nest with paint, and found that their friends removed it, but a stranger going into the nest was restless, and got out as quickly as possible. It would be interesting to know how they recognize their friends. It might be by smell or some sign, or by actual recognition.

In order to try whether they could recognize them when insensible, he first used chloroform; but that practically killed them, and he then made them intoxicated. He did so by putting them into whisky, not whisky into them, for they were too sensible to take it even on week days. He tried an experiment with 25 friends and 30 strangers. The sober ants coming out of the nests and finding the intoxicated ants lying helpless on their backs in ludicrous attitudes, proceeded to take them up and carry them off. Of the 25 they brought 20 into the nest, where, probably, they soon slept off the effects. The other five they dropped into the most of water which then surrounded the nest. Why they did so he could not tell. Perhaps they fell into the hands of stern tectolaters. As to the 30 strangers, 28 were thrown into the moat, and the other two were taken no notice of.

He took some pupae out of a nest, and on putting them back, after some months, found that they were received as friends, while some which were put into a different nest were attacked. It was generally stated that all the eggs in a nest of ants or bees were laid by queens. That was not strictly so, for some were laid by workers, though the cases were exceptional. He had some nests in which there were no queens, and yet there were eggs in them; but the eggs laid by workers always produced males. He had made some experiments to test the senses of ants. He found that they were capable of distinguishing between different colors, and avoided velvet. Their sense of smell was also delicate, but he had seen no proof that they were capable of hearing, and he had proved by an experiment, which he described, that they were not capable of communicating with each other by sound. There were thirty species of ants in these countries, and 700 in other countries, and there were many interesting problems to be solved in relation to them.

Sir Walter Elliott asked how ants communicated with each other, and mentioned that on one occasion in In-

dia, when making a preparation of a spider, an ant approached and attempted to carry off the specimen. He drove it away, and then five others came, and having occasion to leave the room, he found on his return that the specimen was gone.

The President observed that perhaps in tropical regions the ants were more civilized, and possessed a power of communicating with each other which was not enjoyed by ants elsewhere.

Danger from Lightning.

The accidents from lightning reported this summer have been very numerous. Many lives have been lost by them, both in England and in this country. A fear of lightning is often ridiculed, but these fatalities indicate too general a neglect of proper precautions in thunder storms. It is desirable that people should be sufficiently apprehensive of danger to adopt such safeguards as science recommends, especially where a failure to do so may be followed by such terrible results.

It will be noticed that lightning does comparatively little damage in the heart of large cities. The innumerable metallic conductors to the earth which modern architecture supplies probably carry off in silence many discharges of electricity which would otherwise be explosive. Then, the highest points, such as church spires, are usually furnished with efficient lightning-rods. Country dwellings, however, and prominent unprotected buildings on the outskirts of cities are liable to be struck, and it is these and country churches which have suffered most during the present summer. It is altogether probable that complete protection is afforded by lightning-rods, when they are of the right size and material, and suitably distributed and attached. Such, at least, is the opinion of the great majority of competent physicists in all countries. Its correctness has been strongly confirmed by the experience of the inhabitants of the British colony of Natal. In that part of South Africa, at certain seasons, thunder-storms are of constant occurrence. Sometimes there will be four or five in a day, each separate and distinct from the others, and frequently they are of great violence. The destruction of life and property effected by the lightning early demanded some preventive action; and this was taken by providing the houses of the colonists with metallic conductors of the most approved pattern. Since this was done accidents from lightning, which formerly often occurred there, are stated to have been unknown in the capital.

It seems plain enough, then, that country houses and barns should be protected by lightning rods, which, indeed, ought to be considered indispensable in districts visited by thunder storms. The need is even more obvious in the case of country churches, which are usually the loftiest buildings of the neighborhood. It would be difficult to find a more dangerous situation indoors during a thunder shower than a lofty-steeped village church without any lightning-rod. This view has been verified by sad and fatal experience in several instances within the last few weeks. Some churches, however, are in a worse condition than if they had no lightning-rod at all. We have known of several in New England on which the rods had accidentally become disconnected from the earth by a break at a considerable distance above the ground, and were carelessly allowed to remain so for weeks at a time.

A foolish and dangerous habit which some persons indulge in—we are sorry to say some of them are young girls—is that of sitting by an open window during the prevalence of a heavy thunder shower. Displays of lightning are doubtless attractive, but they are not worth risking one's life for; besides, they are best seen at a distance, and when thunderbolts are crashing all around the neighboring fields and hedges, it is wiser to withdraw from the window or close it. The practice we speak of is by no means prudent, even in a properly protected house; while in any other it involves very great risk. And even in cities there have been several instances within the last few years of death by lightning while sitting at open windows.

Neither is it wise to take refuge under a tree during a thunder-shower. There is no objection to remaining in a wood—and, indeed, it is much safer there than on an open plain—if care is taken to avoid being near the taller trees. Sometimes, however, the traveler must choose between remaining on the open plain or seeking shelter under a single tree. Under these circumstances the best authorities seem agreed that the safest situation is a spot as far from the trunk as the tree is high.

While it is true that the comparative mortality caused by lightning is very small, we are confident it could be largely reduced by the exercise of such precautions as we have indicated. In regard to lightning-rods, we know that views differ greatly as to the best material and form; but perhaps the safest course in this respect, for persons without scientific training, would be to adopt the sort used by the nearest college or other prominent institution of learning. In so doing, they would be almost certain to secure a good system of protection, if not the best. —New York Sun.

Gambling in England, whose evils were staid for a time by the prompt action taken by the Government in closing Crookford's and similar places, has again revived. Another generation of men has risen up, and all the "young bloods" play. Even drawing-rooms are again being used for a ruinous system of gambling, and "ladies in society" are again taking to the "delightfully wicked pastime."

YELLOW FEVER NEWS.

The Situation at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, TENN., September 6.—THE midnight of our long night of gloom seems not to have been reached even yet. The hands of Christian charity alone have made a rift in the clouds, and words of cheer from the outside, and a world encourage us to fight on. It is a hard battle, though, when friends and loved ones are falling on every side, and being buried with painful haste in a hole in the ground. The new cases cleaned by the inquiry of Medical Director Mitchell are fully 500, and the deaths are 100, and over. Typhoid form is showing itself, and the fever is becoming a little more controllable. The disease among the negroes is giving little or no trouble, as the scarcity of the word "colored" in the death lists shows, despite their great majority in population. War and hunger are their troubles. The Citizens' Relief Committee is doing all it can for them. Three hundred and twenty-nine families were fed, or 9,820 rations were distributed yesterday. The issues to date foot up 72,000. The negroes are perfectly orderly and quiet, and their leading men are among our best workers. One of their color has charge of a new colored infirmary, into which the Linden Street School has been turned. In the part of the city known as Fort Pickering the fever is raging with terrible fury, and reaching out, it has seized on the beautiful suburbs with a terrible strength. Miss Lizzie Temple and Miss Emma Reeder, two young ladies of intelligence and refinement, who came here from Cincinnati to nurse the sick, were this morning placed on duty by Mr. Ed. Worsham, of the Masonic Relief Board, and are nursing in the family of Dr. Kembro, having three sick persons under their charge.

The printers and telegraph operators have private hospitals, under good, and experienced nurses. The typhos have suffered badly, and the three city papers have not more than eight on their combined forces. Arrangements have been made to bury the pauper dead more speedily, and special policemen have been detailed to search out the dead and have them promptly interred. A large force is employed in digging trenches to facilitate sepulture in the Potter's Field.

Died at His Post.

VICKSBURG, Sept. 5.—This is the darkest day we have had yet. Dr. Whitehead is dead. He was a Kentuckian, and Kentucky may well be proud of her son, and mingle her tears with ours; for she has none left that are nobler than he. He was the very type of a perfect man, strong as a lion, gentle as a woman, handsome as a god. Among his professional brethren, he was the acknowledged head, yet none were more modest than he. Nature had placed the stamp of nobility upon his brow, and he who ran might read it. When the fever broke out, he might well have gone as others did. His practice was confined to a class of people who have the means to go North every summer, and who had gone this time; but he stood by his people in the hour of their need, and he died in the cause of humanity. His name will add lustre to the diadem of glory already made brilliant by the names of Booth, Barber, Bursley, and Doll. Vicksburg will long remember him, and Kentucky will be untrue to herself if high on the roll of her distinguished sons she fails to engrave the name of P. F. Whitehead.

Scenes of Desolation.

NEW ORLEANS, September 6.—A prominent citizen just from the North says the desolation between Grand Junction and McComb City is heart-rending. At the first place he saw a lady from Memphis in the weeds by the side of the track, dying of yellow fever. Three doctors were within fifty yards, who refused to go near her. Deserted stores, empty houses, abandoned fields, and public roads unmarked by a wagon track, extended for one hundred miles. Grenada, passed in the night, contained a single light, which illuminated the yellow face of a corpse lying on the railway platform. He says the most fearful war could not have produced greater devastation.

Crazed by Grief.

GRENADA, Miss., September 5.—Mrs. Marshall, widow of the Western Union operator, is alive and well, physically, but almost demented. She lost her father, mother, uncle, aunt, husband and three children. Her conversation is wild and disconnected.

Fleeing from the Pestilence.

The rush northward can not be more strikingly illustrated than by the experience of a drummer who traveled up the L. and N. R. from Bowling Green to Cave City last week. In the whole train of eight cars he could hardly obtain standing room, and a seat was not to be thought of. The next day he came down to the Junction, and was the sole passenger on a train of eight or nine boxes. —Glasgow (Ky.) Times.

—The United States consumes annually between six and seven hundred thousand long tons of cane sugar, less than 13 per cent. of which is of home production. The leading sources of foreign supply are: Cuba, 350,000 tons; Spanish possessions, 50,000; Porto Rico, 30,000; French Islands, 22,000; Brazil, 18,000; Dutch East Indies, 11,000; British West Indies, 10,000; British Guiana, 10,000; Sandwich Islands, 10,000. Twenty-one other countries supply less than as many thousand tons in all. In 1852 our home product was 121,000 tons; it fell to 5,000 tons in 1855, then slowly rose to 79,600 tons in 1871. The crop of 1876 was 77,000 tons.

A Matrimonial Calculation.

No fear! No fear! Sleep, timid heart, sleep safely here.

He was a young man who had seen about 23 years of turmoil and cheap watermelons, and he entered the parlor in a timid, hesitating way, and looked all around to make sure that a third party was not present.

"Can I speak to you in confidence," he finally inquired.

"You can, sir. What passes between us will never be known to the villainous public—not a word of it."

"The young man blushed, blushed around on his chair, and finally remarked that he thought about getting married."

"Perfectly proper—so do I," was the encouraging reply.

"The girl loves me and would marry me to-morrow," continued the lover.

"But her mother hangs off."

"Just the way with 'em," growled Bijah—"wants her daughter to marry a gold-digger, I spose."

"I'm getting ten dollars a week and steady work, but her mother says we can't get along on that. Sarah and I have figured, and we see how we could live like bondholders and save money, but the old lady is obstinate and says we shan't marry for five years to come."

"The hard-hearted old tarantula—she must be brought to her senses! Young man, have you any of your figures with you?"

The lover produced from his wallet a paper headed: "What it will cost Sarah and me to live for one week," and passed it over to the old janitor. It read as follows:

Ten pounds flour.....	40
One pound butter.....	15
Three pounds meat.....	30
Two pounds sugar.....	20
Four ounces coffee.....	10
Two ounces tea.....	10
Patience.....	100
House rent.....	150
Incidentals.....	50
Total.....	\$3.35

"That's a liberal estimate," remarked the lover, as Bijah connoed the figures.

"My salary is \$10 per week, and you see we could save over \$6 and yet live extravagantly."

"So you could—so you could. Six dollars a week for 52 weeks, or a year makes \$312 per year. You can figure on living 40 years. That would make \$12,480. Why, that girl's mother must be a regular absconder. If the girl doesn't marry you she deliberately throws away a fortune of over \$12,000. Well, well, people are coming to a pretty pass!"

"And what shall I do?" sighed the young man.

"Boy! I was once placed in this same situation," replied the old man, as he looked out of the window at the waving hollyhocks. "I was getting a salary of \$11 a week, cash down, when the bell struck 6 on Saturday. I loved a girl, and we could figure on living like royalty and saving up seven dollars a week. Her mother wanted her to marry an Italian Count, who was worth a gold watch, a race-horse, and a store full of second-hand furniture. Tears and entreaties, and threats, and presents of boxes of snuff, and spectacles and French-heeled shoes would not soften her heart. One night—ah! how well I remember it! she not only turned me out doors, but hit me in the back with a flat-iron as I went. Excuse my emotions, young man, but I remember how that chunk of iron thumped my ribs and laid the foundation for this dyspepsia."

There was a painful silence and the old man continued:

"But the girl loved me. We eloped to Indiana on horseback, were married, and in four weeks the old lady took tea with me, ate four pieces of pie, and called me the best husband in the State of Ohio."

"And do you advise us to elope?" was the eager query.

"I never advise," was the solemn reply.

"Well, if we ain't married in less'n three days then I don't deserve Bijah."

"Yum," was all the reply Bijah made.

"Yes, and we'll be happy," said the lover as he went out.

Bijah looked fixedly at the glaring glass eyes in the head of the India-rubber cat, and mused: "Love is a big thing, and old folks mustn't forget it. If I had seventeen darters I'd never crook a finger, even if all married astronomers."

Five Children at One Birth.

Mr. Cassidy, an employee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, living between the Highlands and the ancient City of Bladensburg, has just attained his immortality, and the newspapers throughout the country will speak of his virtues. All the people living in his vicinity, especially the women, are greatly excited over an event which seldom happens in this world, not even in the houses of Kings, and many a man, married for years but still hairless, will wonder what sort of a man Cassidy is, and "upon what meat does this our Caesar feed?" Mrs. Cassidy has just given birth to five children—three girls and two boys—and all of them remarkably well. They are very small, but still perfect in their organism, and may live. The mother is, happily, out of all danger, and able to receive the congratulations of the neighboring friends. This is one of the most remarkable cases in modern times. —Washington Post.

—A recent number of the *Republique Francaise* gives an account of the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. According to the writer, this firm has the largest book-selling business in the world, turns over some 15,000,000 francs, publishes a book a day, employs 5,000 persons, and exports yearly 200,000 packages.